



## THE MISSILE

MAY
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA



Vol. XXIX

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1940

No. Two

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS

	I ago	-	Lage
Staff	3	Songs Edsel Ford	26
Senior Pictures-Organizations Section.		Mistaken Identity. The Death of the Roses.	
Father and Mother Anne Bolling	5	"The Play's The Thing"Adice Murphey	27
On Graduation:  I. By Edsel Ford II. By Betty Barton III. By Norma Sanders IV. By Milton Friedenberg	7 7 8 8	Poems Norma Sanders  Moods. Music Box. Goal. Awakening.	29
Maw's Preserved Cantaloupes Anne Westmoreland Train Eugene Marable	9 11	The Kaiser RingHelen Watson God's PeaceGeorge Jones Forest Night. Soldier's Leave.	31 34
Symbols Joy Houser	12	Humph!Mary Ruth Carroll	35
Pussy Willow. The Meadow.	12	A Merry Time Donald Willcox	36
"I'm Her Heiress, Too!"Natalie Lum	13	Burglars Betty Burgess	37
Light and ShadowVirginia Gilliam Star Light, Star Bright. Death at the Wheel.	14	Spring Songs:  Meaning of SpringIrvin Frank The First Day of MayCharles Varn	40 40
ConfessionMary Ruth Carroll	15	The Man Next DoorNorma Sanders	41
Night Allen James	17	The Mystery That Was SolvedDoris Magee	43
Glory I Have KnownBetty Barton	18	DayElizabeth Powell	45
A Rondeau.	10	I Wonder Why Betty Albright	46
Soft Winds, Soft Rains.		History Class CalamityLeonard Kidd	47
"Dumpy" Hilah Lee Parks	19	Childhood JoyAdice Murphey	48
Wanderlust Charlotte Brown	21	Fate Steps InBob McIlwaine	<b>4</b> 9
Glimpses Milton Friedenberg Evening. Psalm of the Sea.	22	Fancy Free:  MusicNatalie Lum That Little StarCharles Varn	52 52
The Death Room Roberta Weinberg	23	My First Taxi RideBetty Burgess A June DayRobert D. Baxter	53 54
The Circus Ralph Carrel	25	Advertisements	55

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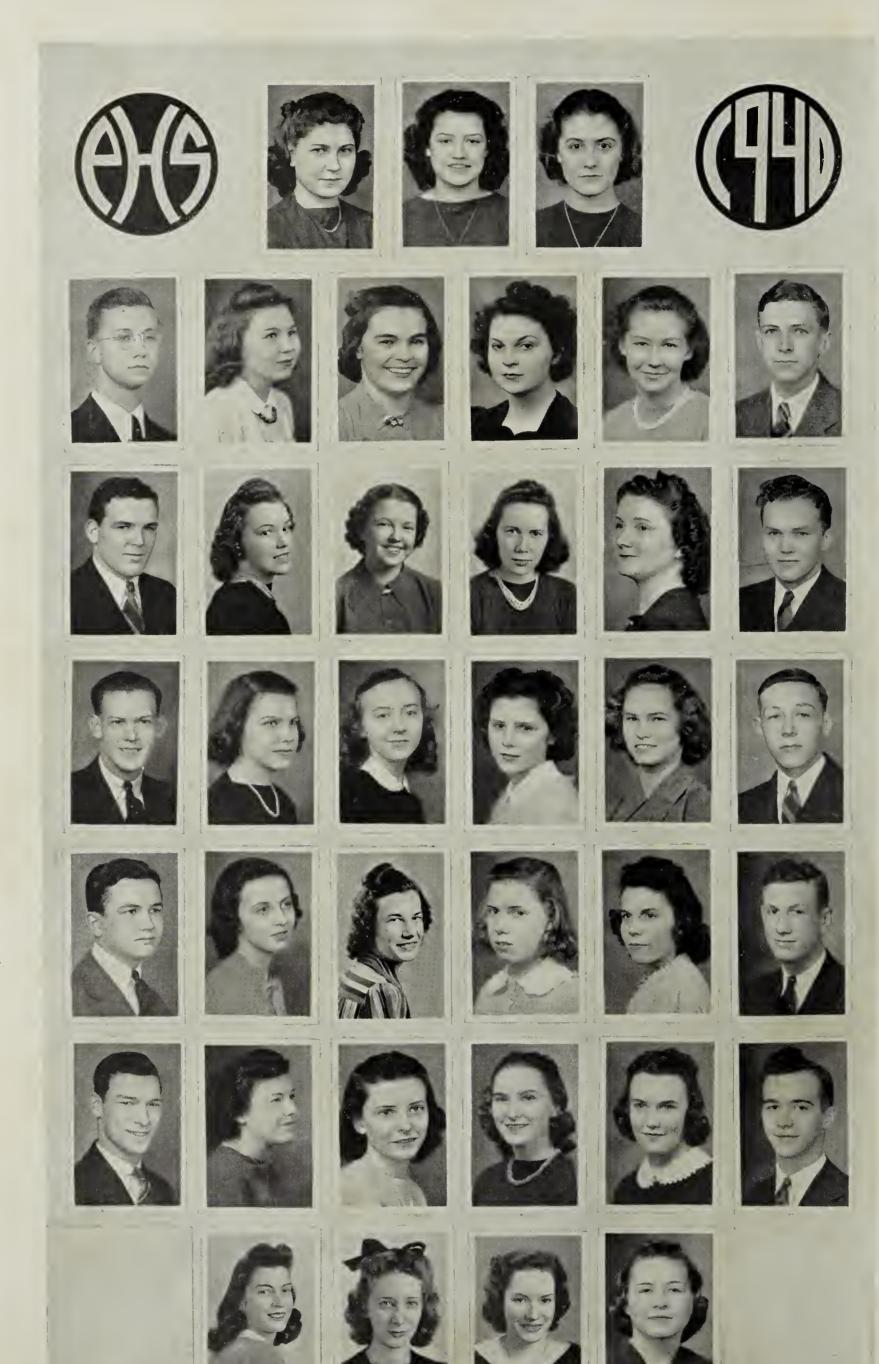
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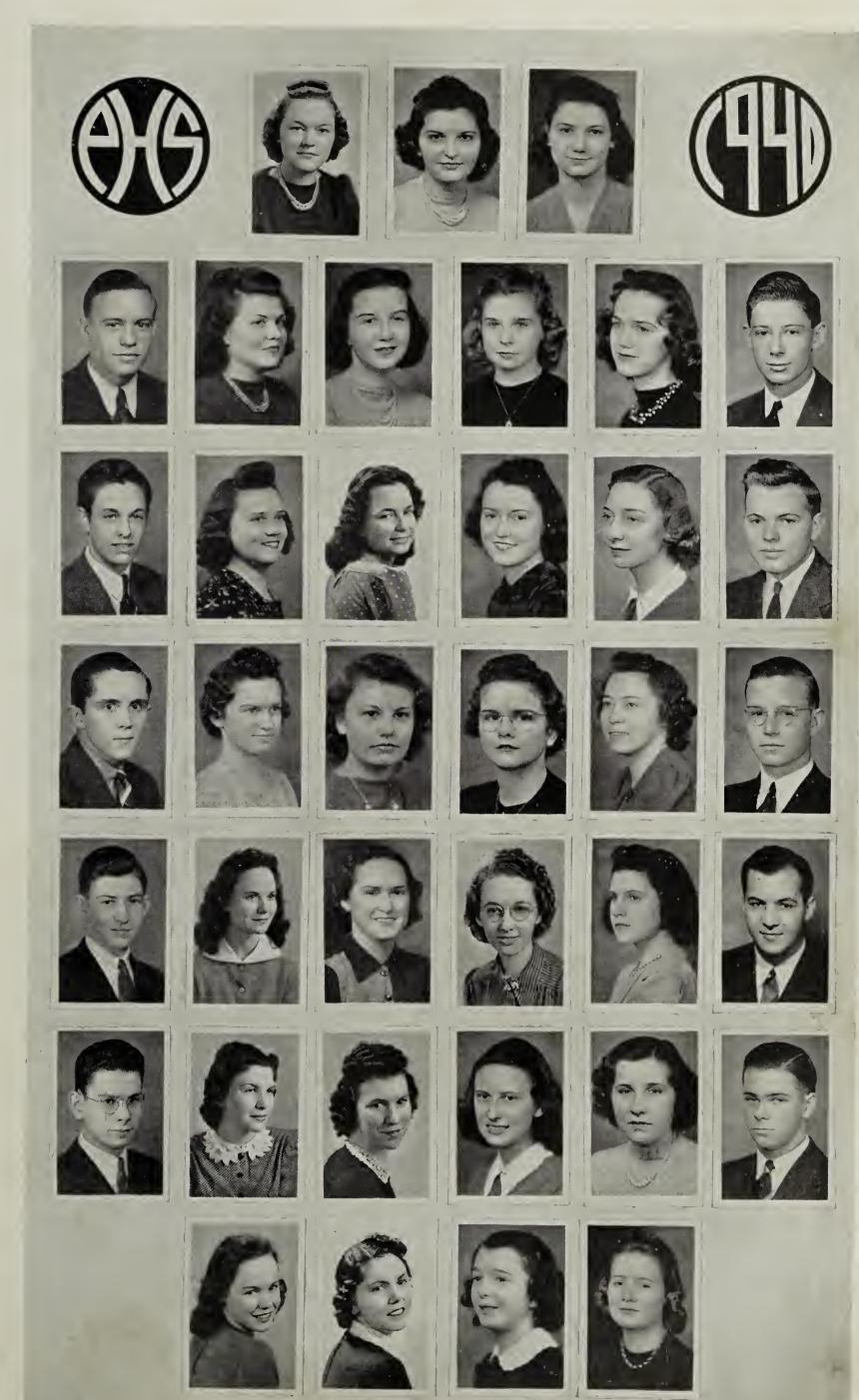
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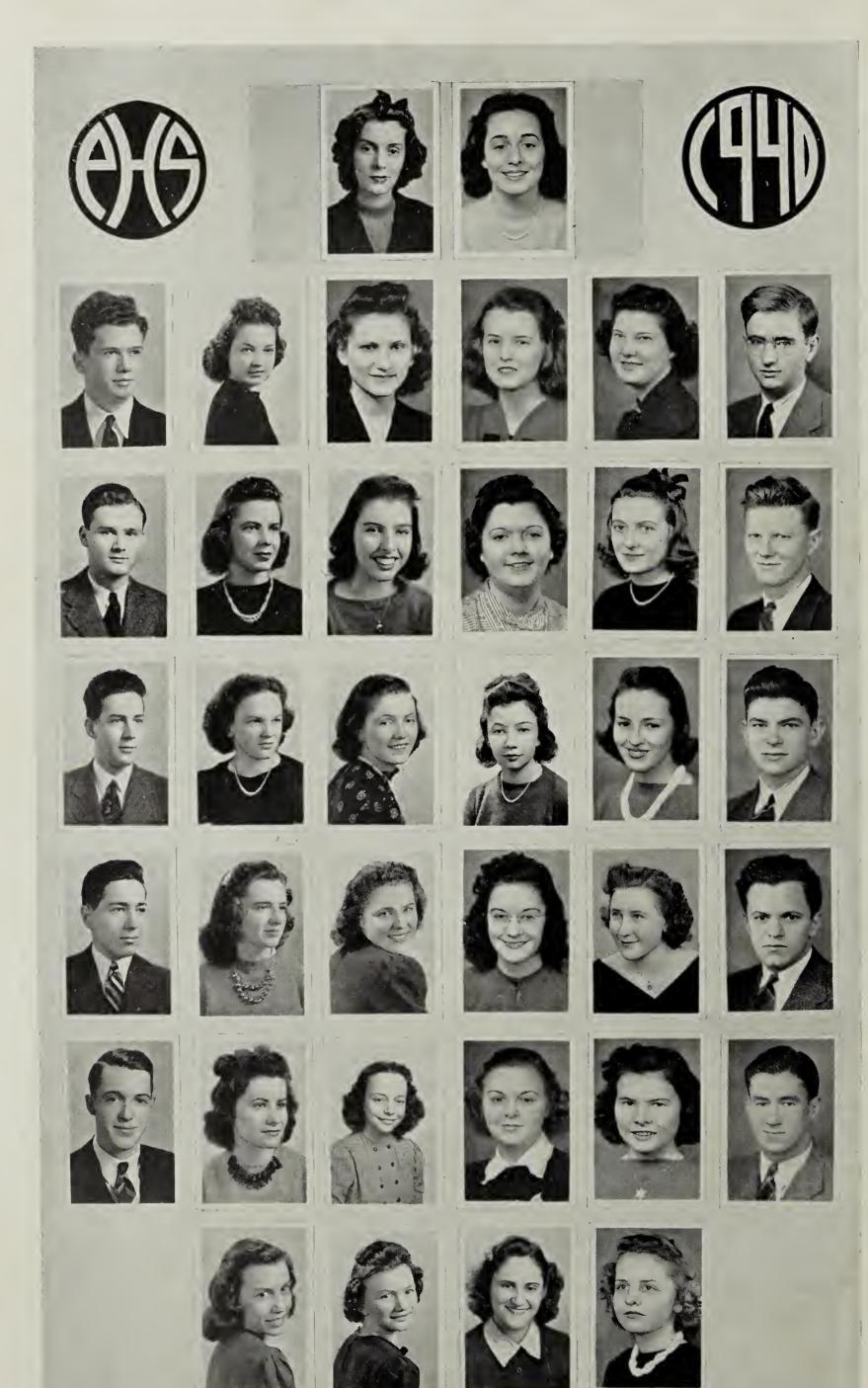
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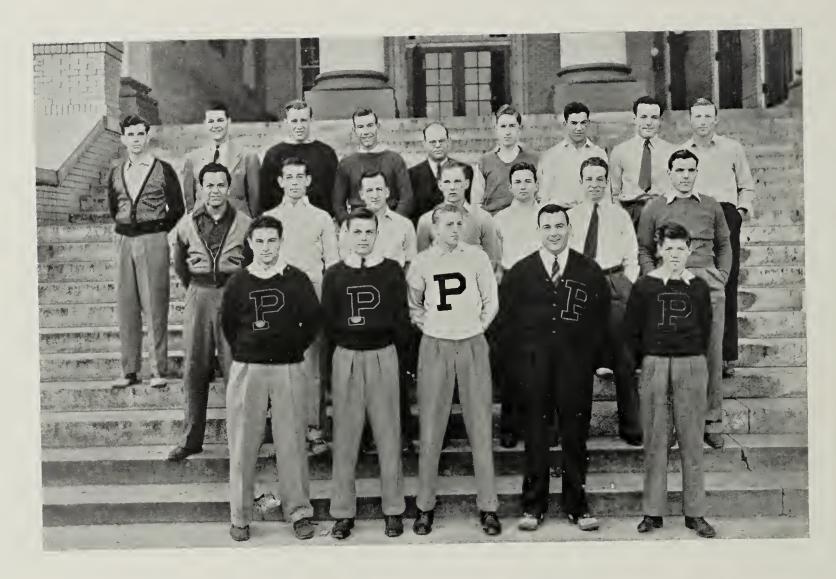
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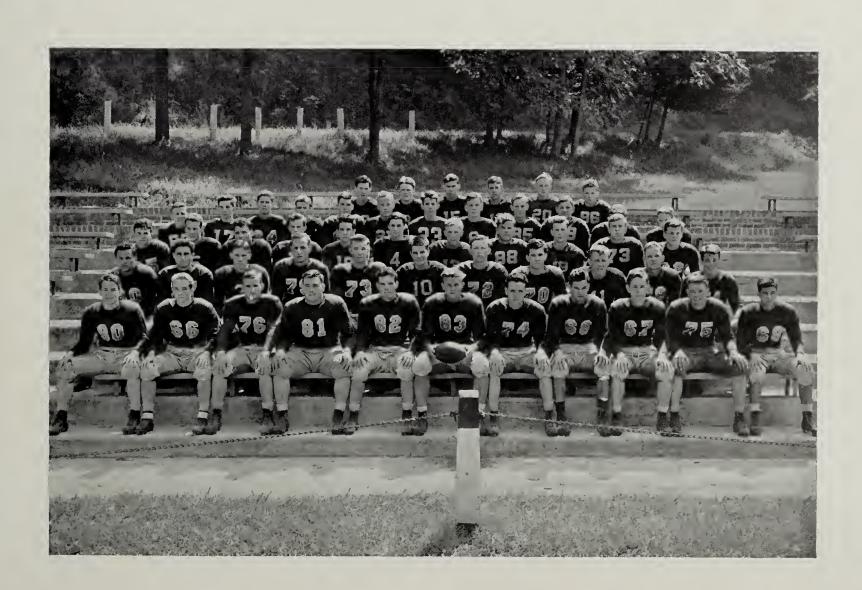
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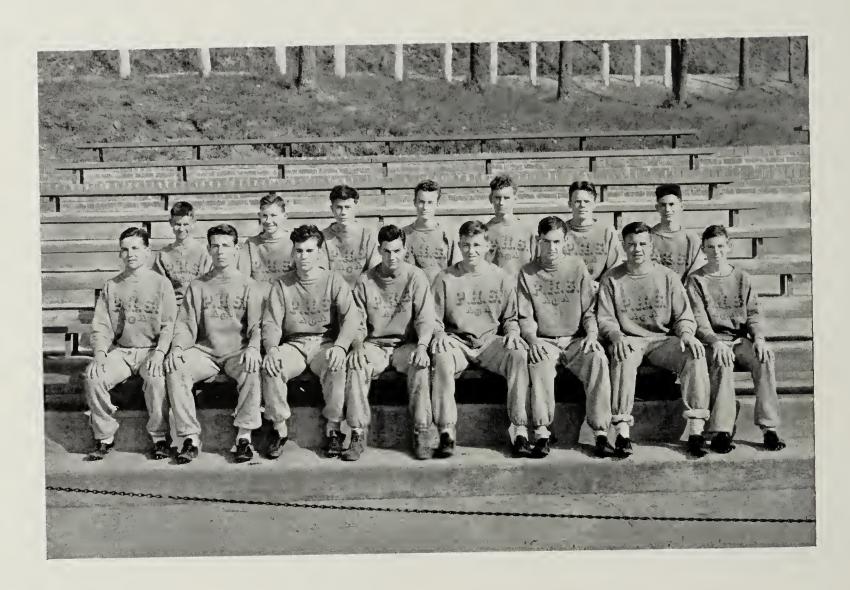
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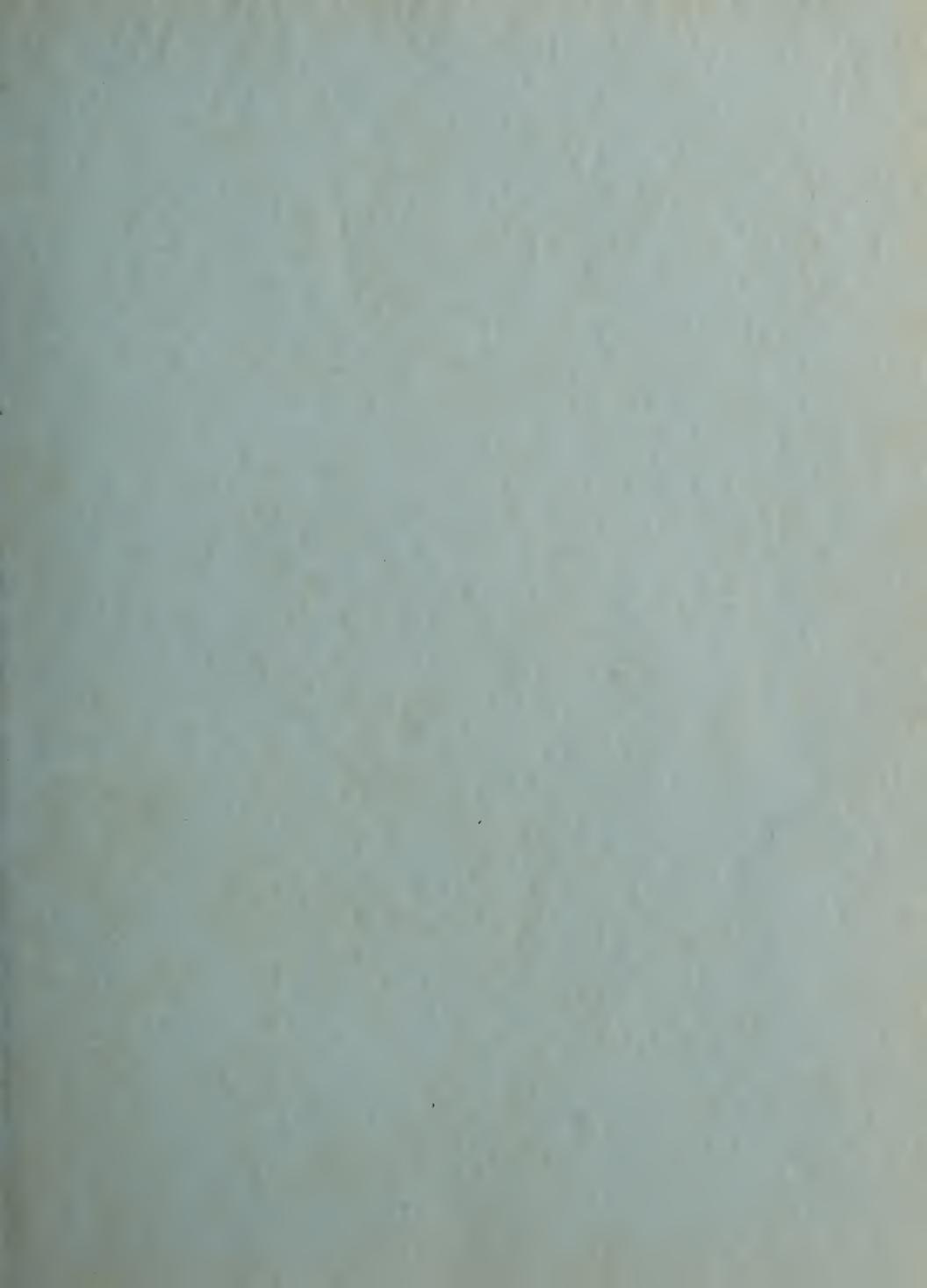
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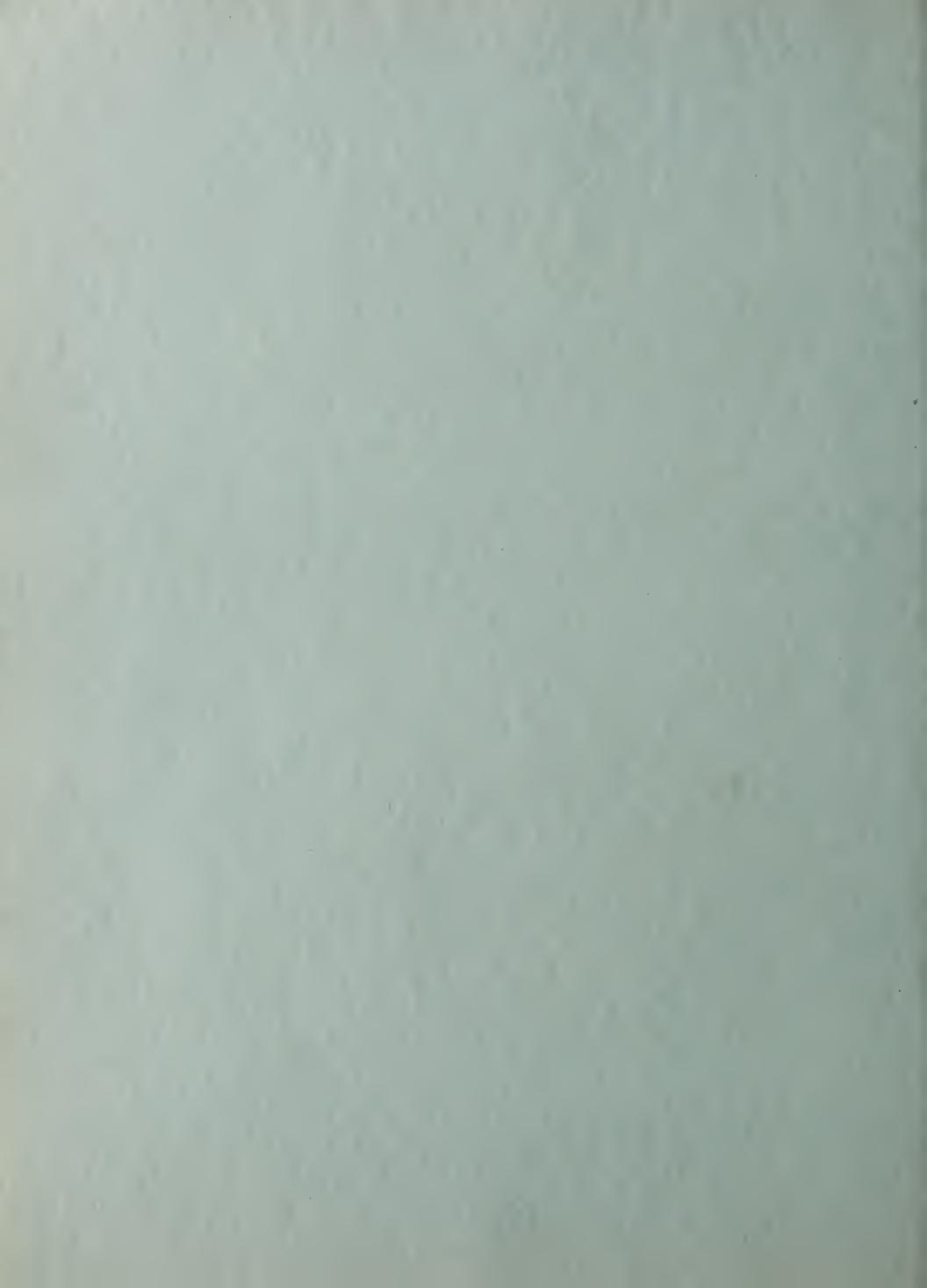
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### Father and Mother

By Anne Bolling



OMEHOW I cannot think of my father without my mother, and vice versa. For, while they are both forceful and attractive personalities in themselves, their years together and their love for each other have welded them together in their fundamental ideas and ideals. Never were there two more simple and more complex people in the world. My father, the very embodiment of gentle-

ness and comfort for bruised fingers and hearts, who would give his last penny to someone in need, whose home and heart in engulfing understanding were always open to those in trouble, who had infinite patience, can fly up in the most awful rages about the merest trifles. He has the most remarkable fund of knowledge, covering the widest range, of anyone I have ever known. It was gleaned from men and women as well as from books. Mother's comment was that daddy had "a beautiful mind to live with."

Mother, too, is brilliant, but in a different way. She is Irish, which perhaps explains why she is psychic and "has a feeling" whenever something dreadful is about to happen. She is cosmopolitan, and yet she has great simplicity, which is part of her charm. She firmly believes in Fate and Fairies, although she is a devout Catholic, and I feel that in her heart she really thinks that there must be a Santa Claus. One of her most outstanding characteristics is her delightful sense of humor, which breaks out in horrible puns from time to time. We have told her repeatedly that puns "are the lowest form of humor," but it does no good. From a daughter's standpoint, she is the ideal mother. She allows absolute freedom, with very few questions, but somehow one does not break a faith, especially such a trusting faith. Both of my parents are incurable idealists and dream-

ers although they have seen more than enough of the world to know that ideals are usually shattered and dreams only rarely come true.

However, there were some things I wasn't able at the time to understand in their relationship. Now that I have started to go around with boys myself things become much clearer. How, for instance, mother could let daddy appropriate ideas that she had hinted at herself, as his very own. Also, I was amazed at her occasional stupidity. Now I am more skeptical than ever that it was entirely natural, but it worked.

To show you what I mean—one week-end several years ago mother, daddy, and I decided to go away to a small town in Maryland, famous for racing and bordering on the Chesapeake. Friday night we piled into "Lizzie", as our car was affectionately called. She may not have been beautiful, but she really had loads of personality. Some time that night "Lizzie" limped proudly into town.

Next morning after breakfast we went to the various places of interest in the town. But by ten-thirty we had exhausted the possibilities of the town and still had several hours to waste. Daddy suddenly was struck with an inspiration. We should go boat riding. We went down to the dock and arrangements were made.

Whenever daddy was particularly pleased with himself and life in general, he would become "skitterish." This morning he was particularly pleased with the world, so he was particularly "skitterish."

Nudging a thick bar of iron with his toe, Daddy remarked: "Mighty tough people around here. That's what they throw in as a life preserver when someone falls overboard."

"Oh!" said mother, "and wouldn't that be just the time it would break!"

Daddy looked a little stunned: "My God, mother," he roared. "That is the limit." Then he started to laugh.

I'm still a little skeptical.

#### On Graduation

I

By Edsel Ford

From fact to greater fact we've found the way,
And shared together all the joyous years;
From labors, side by side and day by day,
We've grown to cherish all their hopes and fears.

Each lesson learned, each hidden meaning caught,
Along the way to triumphs that we gained,
Have in their very doing rightly taught
That there are greater things to be attained.

At last we've reached the heights of youthful bliss— But always discontent with what we are, Our eyes on the heavens—not disdaining this, But head up—searching for a brighter star.

II

By Betty Barton

A golden morning, glinting sun,
New realms for which to long;
And dreams, bright dreams of youth aglow
With hope and courage strong.

Stars in the sky, ethereal things,

These goals we yearn to reach,

For we are graduating now,

"Not knowing what life will teach."

Or so they say (the worldly ones),
And call us fools who walk
On ground unploughed, who try to change
The world with idle talk.

Perhaps they knew and then forgot,
Perhaps they never learned,
The very land in which they dwell
Was once a waste unturned.

By Norma Sanders

From our sheltered harbor's lee, We reach at last the open sea, And find at length that we are free, Our destinies to guide.

Alone we seek some distant shore; The pilot, who held the wheel before, Plots the course with charts no more, Standing at our side.

Yet, confident, we furl the sail, Our standard raised to meet the gale Which strikes our craft still small and frail, Sails as yet untried.

Prayers well up within our souls That we will find our visioned goals, Nor shattered be on treach'rous shoals, Sunk beneath the tide.

With lingering backward glance we part, Nor will fond memories by Time's art Be e'er erased, but in our heart Forever will abide.

IV

By Milton Friedenberg

We stand upon the verge of flight like birds
Who wish, but are afraid to try their wings.
We tremble; there are reassuring words
To tell us of the happiness flight brings.

So, fearfully we look from face to face—
Beseechingly we ask just what to do;
But we must fly if we would find our place,
And so we soar into the distant blue.

A new horizon looms up from afar,
And separately to it we make our flights,
For no one else can tell us who we are,
And so we upward fly to greater heights.

## Maw's Preserved Cantaloupes

By Anne Westmoreland



AW?"
"Yep!"
"Maw, this is
Joe. Maw, I,
well, that is, I
bin a-thinkin' 'n'

I think yu need some help, so I'm a-sending a nigger over to halp yu."

"Naw, Joe, you kno' we cain't afford sech luxuries. But I ain't a-gwine tu argue wit yu; send him on."

"Click" went the receiver in Joe's ear.

"Who's thet in my

kitchen? Paw, if yu is a'ter them parsarved cant-elopes agin, I swan tu goodness I'll bust this har broom over yu no-account head."

No answer.

"Who's thar, I say? Ain't no need for yu to say yu ain't thar, 'cause I can tell the squeek of thet door anywheres, I cud."

Still no answer. The woman got up and walked to the kitchen, mumbling under her breath: "Land o' goshen! Now-a-daze a body cain't git a mite of rest for these here men fokes. No-account. That's what they are."

At the door she beheld a bedraggled negro.

"Wall, I swan. I guess this is the new hired man paw tole me about. Come in, come in. Don't stand thar holding the do' open and lettin' all the flies in. Now look wut yu don'. Why in tarnation cain't yu no-account men folks git no sense in them hollow things yu call brains? Have a cheer? Thar goes the phon'. My ring, too. Hello."

"Mrs. Kimburt," came the operator's crisp voice, "a negro has escaped from the lunatic asylum. Watch out for him."

"You're blooming right," she mumbled as she hung up the 'phone. "I'll keep my eyes a-peeled. It wud be jus' like fur 'im tu cum here a-dirtying up my clean kitchen. I just hopes he does. Thar's nothin' I wants more



than to bust thet new broom over thar on the skull o' some no-account man's head. I jus' hope he cums here. No-account, that's all men are. Wal, wot yu doing a-standing there? Here's a cheer. And close yu mouth, yu ain't a-going to git none of my parsarved cant-elopes, and so yu might as well close yur mouth. Just standing right open and a fly walk in, and yu wud say my kitchen ain't clean. Wal, it's too late fo yu to work now, so set down. Lan' o goshen. Yu men git me. No-account, that's all yu are."

Then, resuming a more confident tone similar to the one she used on the ladies at the sewing circle: "I heer thar's been a escape up at the prison. A negga escaped. Yeah! jus' likely he's a-heered tell of my parsarved cant-elopes an's a-comin' here tu git some. I's a-telling yu right now, he'd better not, 'cause I'm jus a-itchin' tu bust that new broom on some no-account man's head." She glanced at the broom in the corner and the negro moved his chair away a little, fright in his eyes.

"Ah! Don't be a-skeered. I ain't a-gwine to hurt yu. Yu men—not only are yu no-account but yu're cowards, too. What's yu name?"

"Lassy, ma'am, I ain't a-done nutin. I ain't a-dun nutin. I'se a good negga, I is."

"Lord hav' murcy on yu no-account men. What's yur name?"

"My name? Lassy, missy, I ain't got no name."

"What did I tell yu! Oh! Lord, hev murcy on these no-account men or they'll be the death of me yit. Yo ain't got as much brains as my parsarved cant-elopes."

"Dat's right, missy. That's me. Parsarved Cant-elopes. How'd yu kno' my name?"

"Howdy-do, Parsarved Cant-el— Parsarved Cant-elopes? Why—you—makin' fun o' my parsarved cant-elopes, be ye? I'll show yu." She reached for the broom. "No, I ain't a-gwine tu waste no new broom on yo' head. But if it wont for me wantin' to save thet to bust over thet excaped lunatic's head, I'd show ye a thing or three. Quit yu nonsens. What's yo name?"

"Parsarved Cant-elopes," insisted the negro, brightly.

Mrs. Kimburt shoved her heavy arms up on her ample hips. Consternation showed on her face and in the pound of her foot on the floor.

"Parsarved Cant-elopes, huh? Wal, tell me this. Whar do yu live?"

"Whar do I live? I—wal I—" for a moment blankness showed on his face. Then it was replaced by the bright look of intelligence. "I live at that ole' stone house up de way."

"The big stone house up de way," mused Mrs. Kimburt. "Lordy, dar

ain't no stone house up de way. Up the way? Oh, Lordy, ef I ain't a-run plump into that lunatic!"

"Yas, missy, dat's me. Heh! Heh!"

Mrs. Kimburt calmly reached for the new broom she was "a-savin' for that excaped lunatic."

Exactly one hour later the prison guards walked into retrieve their prison inmate. They found Mrs. Kimburt sitting upon a very frightened and badly mussed-up negro.

"Gad, Mrs. Kimburt, you are a brave woman," they said as they took their prisoner, who hastened out of Mrs. Kimburt's way.

"Me? Huh! I know yu'd be brave too, if yu had a brand new broom just a-waiting to be busted. And besides, I didn't mind him a-kidding me and all, but I'll be dad-blamed if a no-account man is gwine to make fun of my parsarved cant-elopes and get away wit it."

Then Mrs. Kimburt, muttering about these no-account men, walked calmly to the telephone and ordered a new broom.

CSO

#### Train

By Eugene Marable

The long and grimy, blackened snake So slowly crawls up the lengthy grade; O'er sand and grass, now skirting a lake With silver lines in the path it's made.

Now gushing smoke its mouth does fill, And angry snorts from its throat do leap; Ever twisting and turning it climbs the hill And rears its head o'er the peak so steep.

How gently gliding down the slant, The monster wiggles to grimy nest, And with clouds of smoke it stops to pant; Then loudly hissing, it settles to rest.

### Symbols

By Joy Houser

#### Pussy Willow

I had a little kitten once, When I was but a tiny tyke; We called her Pussy Willow then, For that is just what she was like.

For she was soft and furry gray, Just like the blooms on willow bush, And when she died that fateful day, Our house lay in a mournful hush.

For no one knows but me how much I wept for the furry little thing, Which looked to me exactly like The willow bush in early spring.

When spring comes round again each year, With blossoms on the willow tree, The mem'ry of a kitten gray Once more comes stealing back to me.

#### The Meadow

The clouds are fleecy lambs at play, Their meadow is the sky; The sun their constant shepherd is, He ever stays close by.

But when the day is o'er again, And all is darkest night, The shepherd with his flock goes 'way, And starry flowers bloom bright.

Page twelve

THE MISSILE

# "I'm Her Heiress, Too!"

By Natalie Lum

H, yes, my dear Auntie!

"You know she's here, too! You never did meet her, did you, Lynn? Well, in this minute before she comes down, I'll tell you about that fluttery specimen of humanity known, usually, as Aunt Dolly, but to our immediate family, just plain Auntie. You know, she's one of those rare wind-blown types you don't find so

much now-a-days. By wind-blown, of course, I mean flighty. The least much now-a-days. By wind-blown, of course, I mean flighty. The least little mention of anything and she runs off in that direction. The fact that she was brought up by the indomitable will of grandmother probably accounts for most of her helplessness. Don't try to compare her to me—the rebel!

"Auntie's really a dear. She's so sweet-tempered and never gets angry. Of course, you know dad and I were the black sheep of the family. But we were grandmother's favorites. She always liked anyone who defied her power. But I was talking about Auntie.

"When she was young, she was really the belle of society. I think someone once told her that she resembled a Dresden china shepherdess, and ever since she has dressed in pale pastels, and acts, and usually looks, fragile. But don't let her fool you! I remember once, at church, she waited until all of the "royal family," as our houseful was called, had gone to the family pew, causing its regular sensation. Then right in the middle of the service, she came tripping in on her little stilt heels, dressed in the vilest shade of pink you ever saw. For once she caused the whole church to wake. I surely think they were gasping at the fancy creation of flaming pink ostrich feathers which she called a hat!

"Every time she goes out she always comes dashing back with the startling announcement that some wicked villain has followed her home. Usually the victim of her rash imagination was just an innocent pedestrian who happened to be going her way. She's always certain, though, that strange men follow her silly little figure down the street. One day she came rushing in saying that some man had followed her up to the front door. When we looked, Lynn, guess what we found? It was just the poor electric meter reader, trembling in his boots because she'd threatened to call the police. When Auntie's big brute left, he flew, really! I think they put a new man on his route! We never saw him again.

"Please don't mind Auntie's chattering, Lynn! She can't help it, and she doesn't mind even if you don't listen. She just chatters all the time. Just to hear herself, I think. She doesn't even care what she's talking about. Oh, yes, you know she's the one who's grandmother's heiress or something, too!—Shhh, here she comes!—Ah, hello Auntie, darling! I want you to meet my good friend—etc."

Page thirteen

### Light and Shadow

By Virginia Gilliam

#### Star Light, Star Bright

"I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."
The kindly star looked down and smiled
Its promise of hope to the trusting child.

The star up there in the sky so high Is a fairy of hope for those who cry To her for aid; her life is wrought With happy deeds and help she's brought.

"No fairy there in the starry sky,"
They say to me, but I reply,
"Brilliant and dazzling she may be,
But many's the wish she's filled for me."

#### Death at the Wheel

He had rounded the curve of the highway; He had lost control of the wheel; And all that remained of the auto Was smoke, bent iron, and steel.

And hurled to the road beside it By a hand he could not stay Was a broken heap of manhood, A toy, now cast away.

The road, like a finger of fate, Had beckoned the reckless one on. Speeding to answer the call, Straight to his death he had gone.

Though unknown and a stranger To me, I'll always remember That horrible twisted form Seen one bleak November.

### Confession

By Mary Ruth Carroll

ONDER WHO SHE IS?"

"Who knows—and where did she come from?"

Two girls were talking in the hall of the high school. The subject of their conversation was pretty Patricia Campbell who had enrolled in the school the previous week. Already Patry Campbell had made many friends in the school. As the two girls talked,

the subject of the conversation appeared.

She was slender and of medium height. Her black hair fell to her shoulders and curled becomingly around her face. She was not alone, for with her was the closest friend she had made within the week. Patty nodded and smiled as she spoke good-naturedly and passed on. Mildred Evans, her friend, stopped to talk with the two girls of the hall.

"Hi, Betty," she smiled, "I'm trying to get Patty to sign up to sing in the All Hi vocals next week. I think she will. She has a beautiful voice—much better than anyone's in this school. Have you heard her? No? Well, you must."

"But, Mildred," Betty inquired thoughtfully, "I understand that Miss Gage, the music teacher, told her she couldn't even get a simple melody right."

"Yes, I know, but that's not true. The class was singing parts from

the operetta 'Hansel and Gretel.' The class was struggling so, and we were all so uncomfortable that we could easily hear one sweet high voice singing. twos and threes the class dropped out until only Patty and Miss Gage were singing. When the high notes came, Patty easily reached high C without any difficulty, while Miss Gage faltered, and her voice cracked. Patty didn't notice, though, for she was too intent on the song even to realize that she was singing alone. When she had finished, Miss Gage had to speak twice before Pat heard her. Scathingly Miss Gage told her that the



class was to have instruction, not special individuals! Pat only murmured an apology and sat down. She's like that!"

There was great excitement in music class the next day, for Miss Gage was going to read the names of the contestants for the vocal contest. She was also remarking on the talent of each.

"Mildred Evans," she read. "We all know that Mildred has a lovely voice and is one of the most favored contestants. Of course, she has had some outside training from me."

"Patricia Campbell," she continued. "Of course, Patricia, my dear, your voice shows a little training. You need much more, and, I might add, by some one capable of teaching you. However, I am sure you will pass as an amateur."

"This is a contest for amateurs only, then?" Patty asked.

"Yes, my dear," with biting sarcasm.

"Then you think my vocal training has been done by an amateur, uh, teacher also?" she inquired with mischief in her eyes.

"Obviously so, my dear!"

Patty could restrain herself no longer. Her sense of humor was shown in her gay peal of laughter. She was thinking of Cassano. Dear, dear Cassano! What would he think of that?

The night of the contest, the auditorium was packed. Patty glanced around quickly. There, there on the first row, was Cassano. Dear Cassano was sitting among the judges and honored guests and next to Miss Gage!

The last two contestants were Mildred and Patty. Patty heard Mildred's naturally pretty voice sing sweetly to the obvious joy of one of the judges, namely, Miss Gage. Mildred was in high favor.

When Patty heard her name, she walked gracefully to the microphone. One face from all the others she saw, as she smiled and nodded. While she sang she faced the large audience as a whole, but constantly her eyes sought Cassano's.

Miss Gage saw Patty's smile and stealthily looked at the elderly gentleman beside her, who had such silver gray hair and gray eyes that danced with pleasure. Where had she seen that clear-cut profile before? She had seen him before, she knew. But where?

Patty was singing the last two lines of "The Prayer" from Hansel and Gretel" when Miss Gage's attention reverted to the singer. Sweetly, beautifully, expertly done, came the words,

"Two to point when I arise, The way to Heaven's paradise."

The applause was deafening! The decision of the judges could be nothing but in her favor. The gentleman next to Miss Gage applauded

eagerly, and she heard him murmur, "Patty, Patty." Miss Gage started and was amazed, for now she knew who he was! She had seen Cassano's pictures on the covers of well-known music magazines. Cassano!

On the stage Patty smiled and tried to speak amid the applause. "I have a confession to make," she began softly, "and one I must also apologize for. You see, I have never been to a public school before. And I did so want to come and be with boys and girls my own age! Tomorrow I must be in Cleveland. I must leave this school in which I have had so many nice times. Don't you see? Having sung as a professional in concerts and in the Metropolitan, I have lost my standing as an amateur."

All was quiet, and Patty smiled when she saw Miss Gage fidgeting uncomfortably. "Therefore," Patty continued, "I withdraw as a contestant in favor of Mildred Evans."

After Patty had seen Mildred awarded the prize cup, she stepped silently away and joined her old friend and instructor. Together they left as silently as they had come.

eso

#### Night

By Allen James

The sun is setting in the sky; The evening shadows fall. The earth and all its people lie In silence, one and all.

A lonely horseman bold and strong Comes riding through the street. His hooded coat is black and long, And reaches to his feet.

His horse is strong and sleek and black, And, as he leaves our sight, He scatters something from his pack, In the darkness of the night.

### Glory I Have Known

By Betty Barton

#### A Rondeau

In burning groves I wandered free And drank the beauty of each tree. How glad to be alive was I That day, nor could I tell you why Each golden leaf filled me with glee.

I am a silly fool to be Aglow and wrapped in ectasy At foliage traced against the sky In burning groves.

But oh! I wanted all to see
The wood, to share my joy with me.
No, no, to business they must fly,
To hurried streets, with buildings high;
No time to trip with gaiety
In burning groves.

#### Soft Winds, Soft Rains

Soft winds, soft rains caress the earth, And round her gently blowing Wash clean, make sweet her every dale With mild and docile lowing.

By swish, by push the dust is borne Aloft to its dissolving In dewy clouds that float o'er fields, Beyond the earth revolving.

Oh would that I were wafted high! To downy fleece so airy,
To purer atmosphere, that filth
It from my thoughts might carry.

Page eighteen

THE MISSILE

# "Dumpy"

By Hilah Lee Parks



MERICA is a wonderful country! Here you have time and reason to worry about whether or not your little brother is going to grow to be a sissy under the unconscious influence of three doting, older sisters, instead of knowing that as soon as he's old enough to break out of knee breeches, he'll wear a khaki uniform and a steel helmet.

Instead of picturing my kid brother learning to run a man through with a bayonet, I have the inestimable pleasure of reprimanding him for punctuating his enthusiastic prattling with a flourishing sweep of his knife.

"Dump", or "Dobson", or any one of twenty-odd names will bring the same result to your call. "Dobbey" is nine years old, a little too thin, good looking, despite rather crooked teeth and a peculiarly shaped head. Even when a baby, he was stubborn and would sleep only on the left side.

His boorishness showed itself in different ways as he grew older. The most exhausting form for him and the rest of the family was his tantrums. When we told him he must eat, he said he wanted to starve. When we said he must wear his rubbers, he said he wanted to catch pneumonia. When we said he must behave or be punished, he'd retire to his bed and turn a deaf ear to our pleas, entreaties, threats, or compromises. He led us a merry chase when the only alternative was a spanking. When we finally caught him, he kicked, screamed, squirmed, and to this day I believe we received the worst of the beating. "Dump's" tantrums always worked him into a feverish state and one time he just missed having a ruptured appendix. Mother had wisely called the doctor after our problem child's repeated complaint of a stomach ache, a chronic ailment, which he drew our attention to after each outburst. I ached after the ordeal too, and so thought nothing of his whimpers.

Now, when he doesn't want to be told what to do, he screws up his face in a Quasimodo manner, or starts exclaiming some of his ham-histrionic sayings: "Oh, Jim," "Bidgy, Bidgy, Bigaw," or "Jadybeady." Those expressions of no meaning can send him into gales of laughter and make me prudishly shake my head and fear for him.

He has the normal idiosyncrasies of a boy, and then some. To my horror, he used to wish that his two front teeth would never grow in again. He had mustered the most ear-piercing whistle with the aid of his newly acquired cavity.

Page nineteen

He likes chewing gum; in fact, he went to a basketball game once with fifteen sticks of gum in his mouth. As the game grew more exciting, his jaws worked a little faster, but finally he overtaxed the muscles of his face and one could detect only a hint of his chewing by close observance. For hours after he spat out the wad, he caught himself unconsciously clanking his teeth together.

I have yet to fathom where the charm lies, but it's reported that all the girls in his class-room are in love with him. Several make so bold as to send him a Christmas present or a frilly heart beseeching him to be their Valentine.

I shall never forget the day I left the morning paper I was reading to answer the phone. A sweet little voice asked for Victor. I called "Dump" and went on reading "Blondie." A few minutes later I looked up to find "Dumpy" gazing over my shoulder. I said, "Skip, what are you standing there for? Some little girl is on the telephone." Without cracking a smile he remarked, "I know it, but she'll wait." I swallowed my tonsils and shooed him away.

"Dump" is smart. He skipped a grade in school. He can add a column of figures faster than anyone in the house. The only worry he affords his teachers is a way to keep him busy, for they know they'll rue the day that his curious mind and hands are left idle.

No one in the family, but me, nurses the idea that he may possibly be a sissy. The story of his first basketball game started me thinking. It seems he had his hands on the ball only once during the whole four quarters, and that was when he was beneath his own basket and all he would have to do would be to jump up and flip in the ball. Never happened! "Dump" ducked his head, wrapped his arms around the ball, and held on for dear life. Drawing the conclusion that his knowledge of the game was a little passe, he spent the rest of the time in the middle of the floor, jumping up and down and yelling excitedly to the other players, as they stuggled for possession of the ball. Needless to say, "Dump's" team lost.

He's a puzzling fellow, or maybe he just didn't know any better, but one day I knocked over a can of Ovaltine in the kitchen, and after viewing the debris, I fearfully slunk from the room and bided my time till the disaster was discovered.

Mother questioned first my older sister and then my younger sister and received their negative answers. I was still lurking in the pantry when she turned to "Dump" and said, "Son, did you spill the Ovaltine?" Without batting an eye, he said, "Yes!" I was so startled, I just gaped. I couldn't find my voice to dispute what he said, and he took the blame. My brain was whirling. I began to doubt my own senses, for I knew I had

spilled the Ovaltine—or had I? Everyone has forgotten that little incident, when I took advantage of his youth and the saying, "Ignorance is bliss," but I shan't forget, and will remember too, that "every dog has his day." I'll make up for it!



#### Wanderlust

By Charlotte Brown

I stand at night on the lonely beach
Watching the splashing waves,
And to sail away on the rolling depths
My longing spirit craves.
Is there no ship to bear me away
To lands where my mind does ever stray?

Do these same waves break on foreign shores
Or dash against rocky cliffs,
Making life on the sea unsafe
For men in tiny skiffs?
I want to go where the sea is wild,
Where heavy waves against ships are piled.

But all these things I wish but vainly,
For here at home I must stay,
And here I stand and gaze afar
While little wavelets play.
But in my mind I'll always know
The mystic lands where the waters flow.

### Glimpses

By Milton Friedenberg

#### Evening

The Day was dancing softly, slowly To the wind's soft lullabies When he saw the Night approaching From the darkening eastern skies.

Night was dancing on her tiptoes Clad in skirts of blue brocade, Softly humming melodies of Some forgotten serenade.

Day was struck with all her beauty And by her air of kind romance, So he whispered to her, sweetly, An invitation to the dance.

Night consented, so they danced A waltz with careful measured stride; Thus they formed, together dancing, Shadows of the eventide.

#### Psalm of the Sea

The breakers pound loudly on sun-swatched shores, And the sea-gulls are flying in rings overhead; It is grand to be young and to be out-of-doors, And away from a life that seems broken and dead When compared to the life of the deep ocean's roars.

The emerald sea is reflecting the sky
And is changing the green to a light turquoise blue;
The clouds that are mirrored go fluttering by
Like the sails of a ship that are sparkling and new,
And the wind whips the waves with a wail and a sigh.

The murmuring wind is in harmony singing,
And the waves pluck the shore like the strings of a harp,
And up to the sky goes the melody ringing;
The notes sound out clear—they are bell-like and sharp;
'Tis a psalm of the sea that is nature's own bringing.

### The Death Room

By Roberta Weinberg



AM DEAD. I have no pity for myself, but many regrets. Now, I lie in my black padded coffin, too luxurious for this wretch who lies here with death-like face, while inquisitive faces peer at my lifeless body. I suppose there is little sympathy for me, except, perhaps, from my beloved wife. Even now she spares me this one last kiss.

I was never a very interesting person, because I was always too engrossed in my work. It wasn't my fault though. The moment I entered

that little attic room with the many long test tubes filled with different colored chemicals, their contents simmering over blue and yellow flamed Bunsen burners, the tall white walls always there to gape at my hopeful experiments, I was filled with an eagerness that is inexpressible. When I saw all this, I shut everything else out of my mind. This is all I wanted—nothing else. Perhaps Marie, my wife, knew this. Yes, she knew. I could tell now by her unwavering stare as she took in my horrible being.

I met Marie at the University. Few women were allowed there, but Marie was one of the exceptionally brilliant. We were both interested in chemistry, too. That's why I liked her



from the first, I guess. I could talk to her in scientific terms and knew that she understood. My father died soon after I was graduated from the University and left me with a substantial heritage. Marie and I married. Our honeymoon was a paradise. We took in all of France. Marie was so happy. It was up to me to keep her so—but I did not.

From early morning until late at night, and sometimes until the early hours of the morning, I worked in the laboratory. Impatiently, I watched

the chemicals' reaction to the different combinations, watched them over the Bunsen burners, scratched hasty notes on paper, returned to watch again. Failure after failure. Hopes dashed to pieces along with the test tubes which I threw upon the floor when my temper got the best of me. Then, when least expected, came success!

It was snowing; the small panes in the only window were covered with frost. My whole body ached, for it was almost dawn, and I had not stopped once to rest. At last, I had come upon the correct formula. With the little energy I had left, I gave a whoop of joy and began to shout at the top of my lungs for Marie.

A moment later she appeared in the doorway.

"François, what is it? You frightened me. Are you all right?" she asked, sleep still in her voice.

"All right?" I suppose I shouted, "of course I'm all right!"

"Thank heaven, "she sighed with relief and turned to go back to her room. I caught her arm and tried to explain.

"But, Marie, I finally have it. After all those months. Oh, darling Marie, don't you understand?"

"François, what have you?"

"You precious imbecile," I answered, tenderly, after I had calmed down a bit, "the gas, the poison gas that the Emilian government is going to pay me so much for discovering. At last, at—why, Marie, you look—what is it?"

Marie, after a long questioning glance, left the room. Wonderingly I closed the door and returned to work, dismissing the incident from my mind.

The Emilian government accepted the gas for use in their war with Gusony. They advanced me a large sum of money. It was a great success. The newspapers were filled with my accomplishment. It was the talk of the entire scientific world.

But Marie had left me. A few days after her departure this note came, "I married you, Francois, because I loved you as much as any woman could love. You would have made a great scientist to help mankind, but instead you have set out to destroy God's work. I could never live with you knowing that my husband was adding so much more sorrow to this world. Believe me, I am sorry for you."

She was right. I was destroying mankind. Yet I was also ranked with the geniuses when in truth I was just a common murderer. When I thought of it, I became ill.

After the war, I returned to my laboratory. I couldn't stand it, though. I hated this room, now. I bolted the door and vowed never to return to it.

It was extraordinary how one man could be so unhappy. My con-

science was driving me mad. My nerves were always on edge, and I jumped at the slightest noise. I lay awake nights thinking, always thinking.

One night, I returned to that death room. I looked once more at those bare white walls, the long black table where I had worked so conscientiously. Then, I broke down. I sat at the table with my head buried in my hands and cried hysterically. I must have fainted, for I don't remember anything else until the moment when I began to see things through someone else's eyes.

The doctors had said it was heart trouble, but they were not to blame for their mistake. How could they know? It was a shame, they said, for one so great to die so young.

I can still feel Marie's wet tears on my hand. Soon they will take me from her forever.

I can see Paradise in the distance, but it is not within my reach.



#### The Circus

By Ralph Carrel

Hurrah! The circus is coming to town,
Oh, mother, may I go?
They're parading now to the circus ground,
And they don't mind if we stand around.
Please, mother, may I go?

Elephants, panthers, and clowns I'll see, Oh, mother, may I go? I can watch the comical monkeys dance, And the little ponies as they prance. Please, mother, may I go?

There are cages of lions 'n' tigers 'n' bears,
Oh, mother, may I go?
I'll hurry back early and not eat much
And keep away from the wagons 'n such.
Gee, mother, may I go?

### Songs

By Edsel Ford

#### Mistaken Identity

Spring, ah, Spring, I know you're there—Your warmth, you rogue, is in the air. Stop your hiding—show your green; Signs of summer should be seen.

Spring, ah Spring, this can't be you—Skies of Spring are always blue; Signs, instead, of snow to be—Spring, I think you're fooling me.

#### The Death of the Roses

Misty, dewy, fragrant, sweet, Crushed and crumpled at my feet; Trampled, trodden by some creature, Broken, bruised in ev'ry feature, Perfume perfect in their breath, Fragile, fragrant in their death— Misty, dewy, fragrant, sweet, Crushed and crumpled at my feet.

Madd'ning, mocking in their silence, Ruthless, ruining is the violence Of this brutal, bestial creature Hideous, in ev'ry feature, And the roses—soft and silky, Soft and yielding in my fingers. How that mournful mem'ry lingers—Misty, dewy, fragrant sweet Are these roses at my feet—Crushed and crumpled at my feet.

Page twenty-six

THE MISSILE

# "The Play's the Thing"

By Adice Murphey



ERY early in my career I had the honor of being selected to play the role of Gretel in the production of the well-known story of "Hansel and Gretel." It was a big success and I felt confident that my place in the theatrical world was fixed, so I was not a bit surprised when I was asked to sing in a play, soon to be produced. Of course it never occurred to me for a moment that the fact that

I was the least bashful and had the loudest voice of any of the other members of the third-grade had anything to do with my being selected. I was sure that it was my talent that had brought me this honor.

I was a little shocked to find that no one else seemed to think this the honor that I felt it and I knew it was pure jealousy on the part of others that kept them from showing any interest in me. Even my family seemed uninterested, and they didn't seem to be aware of the contribution I was making to the family name.

Oh boy! Can't I gloat over Vivian now, I thought, when the teacher announced that Bobby, the best-looking boy in the class, was to sing with me.

Vivian was prissy, stuck up, smart, teacher's pet, and everything else undesirable; besides, she was pretty and could dance, two things which had no place at all in my list of accomplishments. I was as ugly as a mud fence and as graceful as an ox. I was insanely jealous of Vivian but would rather have died than admit it. Why I was chosen, rather than Vivian, in the first place I cannot imagine, but at that time I felt that the teachers must have realized my talent and decided that it must be developed.

For days I dreamed of nothing else but the great performance. Rehearsals hadn't even begun but still I could picture everything. Mother had promised me a new pink organdy dress with a wide sash, big bow in back and ruffles. I was to have a pink bow of ribbon in my hair and the most wonderful thing of all, I was to have my hair curled. Yes, the lady next door had some curling irons and she had promised to curl my hair for me. Would I show Vivian! Bobby would wear long white ducks, and what a fine pair we would make!

The first rehearsal and boy! how important I felt. When the girls asked me to play tag, I flippantly replied, "No; I have to go practice with Bobby." How I did emphasize that name, for I knew then that all the girls would be jealous.

Page twenty-seven

"Bobby, sing louder," the teacher would plead and then to me, "Not quite so loud, you drown Bobby out."

Well, what did I care? Was I there to make Bobby sound good or to make my own name? Try as we would we could not make Bobby sing loud, because Bobby didn't want to sing. Not with me. Finally the teacher gave him up. Oh what would I do? I had to sing. I knew my part and Bobby's backwards and forwards. Then the teacher began to look around for some one to take his part.

I had always been big and gawky and so when she looked around she found that I was taller than any of the other boys who would sing. Why the teacher didn't call it all off and choose another girl to take my place, I cannot see, unless it was because she was the sweetest teacher I had ever had and she didn't want to hurt my feelings.

Then some one suggested that we could take a girl and dress her like a boy. This was approved of by all until someone asked which girl it should be. Every girl in the room was appraised by critical eyes and then all shook their heads. Just about that time our dear beloved principal came sneaking into the room and inquired in her busy-body way what the trouble was. Suddenly everyone became conspicuously still and quiet while the teacher explained our trouble.

The principal turned and her gaze swept the room and then she viewed me through her horn-rimmed spectacles. "Why can't you be the boy?" she asked and if the floor had opened and swallowed me, I shouldn't have cared a bit.

Me be a boy! Who ever heard of such a thing? I detested the creatures and to have to stand before an assembly dressed like one, I'd sooner have died. But—what could I do? Disagree with her? Holy horrors, never! I would rather stick my head in the fire, and so I said nothing.

"And then Vivian could be the girl." That was the last straw, Vivian be the girl, always Vivian; anyone else but her. This was the fate that would always doom me, Vivian! It would be Vivian who would look pretty, Vivian who would have the ruffles and curls and I would have to be the boy.

Yes, I went through with it; I thought too much of my teacher to let her down and I was too afraid of the principal to "rile" her up. I dressed as a boy, I sang with Vivian, but I'd rather have choked her.

I sang, she sang; I lost, she won. The show was over; the curtain fell.

#### Poems

By Norma Sanders

#### Moods

Yesterday I tasted grief;
My heart was clad in gray
And wore a misty mourning veil,
But that was yesterday.

Today my heart puts on its dress
Of rosy tinted hue,
With glistening spangles of shining gold
And silver edged with blue.

Like leafy tendrils of a tree
Dancing in the sun,
I shake off prickling cares and seek
Intoxicating fun.

There's reason in my seeming madness;
I must be twice as gay
To make up for the wasted hours
Of sorrow yesterday.

#### Music Box

The mute little music box still has its dreams
Of a beautiful long ago age,
But its soul is imprisoned by ivory walls,
As a bird by a painted cage,
Till memories, loosed by the touch of a spring,
Sweet dreams of the past to the little box bring.

As the thin thread of sound tinkles forth an old tune,
And a waltz begins to play,
A host of dim figures now join in the dance
With a step that is stately but gay.
The dancers soon vanish; the golden dream breaks,
As the gay little box with a sigh awakes.

#### Goal

Tell me, I pray, is it enough to be, As I am now, so young, so easily stirred, Filled with delight at each new thing I see: The scarlet flash of a cardinal 'gainst the snow, The slender grace of a spreading dogwood tree?

My heart, must it give up this drifting state And cease to be content with joy of being? Must it be stronger, seek some darker fate, Be sucked into that swift onrushing channel, Choose which war to fight, which foe to hate?

Tell me that I need not be lost in this maze,
Nor dapple my fingers stained with this world's blood.
Let others to dizzy heights ambitions raise,
While I receive the fruits of rich existence
Which they pass by with bright unseeing gaze.

#### Awakening

I had not guessed before that Spring was here,
Nor seen the hint of blue in leaden skies;
Still wrapped in winter's thoughts, a mantle drear,
I had not heard a bird's returning cries;
'Twas yesterday I passed by this same spot,
Shivering in the biting, sunless air,
Shuffling among dead leaves and pausing not,
Despising the sight of branches bleak and bare.
Today the sky was no less bleak nor chill
The woods were dead (or so it seemed to me),
But as I stood alone upon this hill,
I seemed to hear Spring come, for suddenly
From unseen haunts, I heard a wood thrush sing;
Its magic touched my heart, and it was Spring.

## The Kaiser Ring

By Helen Watson



NNE BLAKE pushed back her sunbonnet and let the prairie wind blow through her damp hair. Anne was on her way across long miles

of prairie to the home of Cliff Redman to get water from his well. During the drought that summer the well below the Blake house had gone dry, and they had to haul all of their water. But Anne's mind wasn't on the water this morning, for Mrs. Redman had promised her a bolt of woolen goods, a piece long



enough for a dress. Mrs. Blake had nursed the Redmans when they had malaria, and this was a sort of "thank you" from the family. Anne was planning to wear the dress to the Husking Bee that fall.

She slapped the reins against the sides of the mules and urged them on, but Tom and Jerry couldn't be hurried. In about an hour she saw the Carter house. The Carter's spring had gone dry and they, too, had to haul water from the Redman's well.

"You won't get a drink here!" Anne said to the mules as if they could understand her. "I must go in and see how Mrs. Carter is."

She hopped down from the wagon, and since the door was open she went in. Seeing no one, she thought that they were in the fields, but though she called and called, no one answered. As she was going back to the wagon, she saw a strange ring of plaited grass lying on the ground.

Picking it up she stammered, "Why—why, it couldn't be!" She remembered the story her father had told her several years ago. It was about a man. The people didn't know whether he was crazy or not. He seemed to think that all the land belonged to him. He would go around demanding lands, and while he talked he would plait the prairie grass. When he finished the ring he would let it drop to the ground. The people believed that this was an evil omen, for where this ring was found disaster always followed. Mr. Blake said that it was only coincidence.

Anne laughed now as she climbed into the wagon. The bright sunshine made the superstition seem childish, but somewhere in the back of her mind Anne wondered if there was any connection between the missing Carter and the ring of grass.

The next hour passed quickly, for Anne had much to think about. Before she realized it, the Redman house came into view. Peter and Elizabeth, the younger members of the Redman household, ran out to greet Anne as she drove up. At once there was a hub-bub of conversation, for the friends had not seen each other for over a week. Elizabeth was full of the Husking Bee, for she also was going to have a new dress.

Anne and Elizabeth went into the house to wait for Peter to fill the water barrels. After Anne had had some lemonade and ginger-bread, Mrs. Redman brought out the cloth, enough for two dresses, one for Anne and one for her mother. Anne fondled the cloth lovingly, for her old dresses, even her best one, were getting too small and wearing in places.

Just then Peter came into the room. "What's this?" he asked holding up the ring. "Where did you get it?"

"I found it in front of Carter's house."

"Did you show it to them?"

"No, they weren't there."

Mrs. Redman looked worried. "Do you know what it is?" she asked. "Peter, go call your father."

"I suppose it is a Kaiser Ring, but father says that is just a superstition," said Anne.

"I am afraid it isn't though," said Mrs. Redman. "This looks like trouble."

Mr. Redman came in and, picking up the ring, said, "You say you found this in front of the Carter house and they weren't home?"

Anne nodded her head.

"Well, son," said Mr. Redman, looking at Peter, "you go back with Anne and stay at the Carters' until they get home."

Anne stored the cloth under the seat, and she and Peter climbed into the wagon. As they came to the top of a hill, they could see the Carter homestead.

"I don't see anything of them," said Peter standing up in the wagon. He looked toward the northwest. "Look!" he cried, "Isn't that a fire?"

Anne stood up beside him. "Yes! And the wind is bringing it straight toward the Carter house! What can we do?"

"We'll have to build a backfire, and we'll have to hurry! The wind is blowing pretty hard."

They drove up to the house and jumped down.

"Get some sacks and wet them while I start the backfire," commanded Peter.

Anne ran into the house but though she looked high and low she couldn't find anything except an old dress. Dipping this into one of the barrels of water she started beating the flames out. But the fire seemed to have gotten away from Peter's control.

"If we only had something we could drag behind the mules. Something that would hold water," gasped Peter.

Anne swallowed hard, "Get my cloth," she commanded Peter. "It's under the seat."

"You're sure you don't mind?" exclaimed Peter.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Anne, "I'll unhitch the mules."

Together they dipped the cloth into the water and tied it to the mules. Peter drove them along the line of backfire and kept them at a trot before the flames. Finally they had the backfire out. Together they watched the fire creep up, only to die down at the burnt strip of ground.

Anne looked at the remains of the material and knew that no dress could be made from it.

"Hitch up the mules, Peter, and I'll get on home."

"Sure you don't want me to go with you?"

Anne shook her head as she climbed into the wagon. She wouldn't have a new dress. She would have to go to the Husking Bee in her old one.

When she got home and told her mother, her mother only said, "Well, we can make the old dresses last another year." But Anne knew that her mother knew that she was bitterly disappointed.

The next day Anne insisted on going for the water. Usually they all took turns.

"Don't get your heart set on more goods from Mrs. Redman," whispered her mother as Anne climbed into the wagon.

"Of course not," agreed Anne. She knew that the Redmans couldn't spare any more goods.

When she drove up to the Carters', Mrs. Carter rushed out and hugged her. "Oh! how can we ever thank you? It was Kaiser who set the place on fire. He demanded the farm yesterday morning, and when we went to the sheriff he must have set it on fire. But he's in jail now. The sheriff and his men got him. But I almost forgot! Come into the house."

Going into the house Mrs. Carter picked up a lovely dress of ivory material, with a very full skirt, just the kind of dress Anne had always wanted.

"This is yours," said Mrs. Carter.

## God's Peace

By George Jones

### Forest Night

The night approached in calm majestic round And all the noises seemed to cease; The moaning wind in lulled, unbroken sound Alone composed its hymn of peace.

The stars shone dimly through the scudding clouds,
The moon a sleepy vigil kept
As through the veil of night's concealing shrouds
The wood she guarded as it slept.

The dark of night gave way to hues of gray. Pursued, afraid, she turned to flight, And hunted by remorseless hounds of day, Night fled the coming dawn of light.

#### Soldier's Leave

The day is warm,
A herald of spring is near.
I see no storm
Or signs that such was here.
A short reprieve from winter's cold,
A hint that spring can loose his hold.

So I am warm—
My heart with spring is flowing.
There is no storm
Of battle in me blowing.
Thus I am filled with peacefulness.
My soul is steeped in happiness.

For just a day
My mind to stray is free.
I will be gay
And joy in nature's glee.
Quick! before the bugle blows,
And back to war this soldier goes.

## Humph!

By Mary Ruth Carroll



IRST, perhaps it would be interesting to know how I happen to be using "humph" for my subject. Having once chosen a topic, it is easy to ramble on, but of all things choosing is hardest for me. It is like meeting an old friend you haven't seen for several years. Most likely the conversation is begun by the possibilities of the weather. After that, it is easy to continue the talk. I chose a

title and was talking about it when someone exclaimed, "Humph!" This immediately told me that my capabilities of obtaining interesting information on that subject were doubted. I forgot about it but seized the one word that had told so much. "Humph" was to be my topic! When I was questioned if there were such a word, I admit I was baffled. No doubt it was not constructed with proteins and minerals and the like, but it was most certainly a word because my very good friend, Mr. Webster, deemed it "an exclamation of doubt, contempt, etc." Strange that I had never thought of it as a word, and yet it certainly deserves that honor. Usually I think of words being made with the different formations of the lips, but we hardly move a muscle to say "humph." The great majority of people, I dare say, do not know "humph" is a word unless they, too, admitted curiosity and consulted Mr. Webster.

Often "humph" saves humiliation, and in some unexplainable way it is comforting. I once passed two small children in their yard talking. Each was trying to prove that his dog was the better acrobat. The older boy was explaining to the younger one that his dog could walk on his hind legs, and that was one trick the younger's had failed to accomplish. The little fellow only muttered "humph." He thought it gave the impression of doubt to the older and it gave him the last word of the argument—for who can argue against "humph"? It meant nothing to the older except that the argument was closed. He knew himself to be the better animal trainer! Consequently, both were satisfied.

I have heard "humph" used to express a fact. Believe it or not. No doubt many people have, but were I Ripley I would have to prove it to many other "humph" users. Since I am not he, I do not. If this were a geometric proposition I would have to prove it; since it is not—I am thankful. However, since my idle chatter is hardly comprehensible to you, I shall try my utmost to make myself understood. Could I do better than give an example?

Dickens created a well-known character in "Scrooge." Although Scrooge's favorite expression was "humbug," I am going to substitute "humph." Scrooge, you remember, was hailed a merry Christmas, to which he responded, "Humbug"—or humph," as I said I would call it. Did this doubt a merry Christmas? Perhaps, but I hardly think so. I think Scrooge more likely meant—"Nothing merry about it" or "Nonsense."

Have I explained myself passably well? Let me assume that as far as my knowledge goes no one yet has explained "humph." Truly it is a remarkable word!

CSO

## A Merry Time

By Donald Willcox

When it is bright and gay, And all the birds do sing; 'Tis then I like to play And have a merry time Throughout the sunny day.

When clouds are tossed on high And waves leap on the shore, 'Tis then I long to fly And race the birds until The hours of day go by.

I run and jump with glee
And call to the gods of fun;
For the wind will race with me,
And if the race is won,
A king of men I'll be.

Page thirty-six

THE MISSILE

## Burglars

By Betty Burgess



NE lazy summer night, when all was quiet in the little town of Slipshod, Pennsylvania, where only the rumbling trucks and the happy voices of merrymakers returning home were to be heard, from a crap game behind a fence in a slum district of this small town emerged two rather dilapidated human beings. Looking about them in an alert sort of way they whispered in low tones to

each other. Each carried a burlap sack and tools of some sort; each nose sported a dark mask and in each hand swung a blackjack, ready for use at any moment.

"Chee, dis moon is sure bright tonight; hope it won't clog up our little business."

"Yah, we business men sertunly has to look out for bright nights." This remark was supplied by a short, chubby little man, who appeared as if he might have ancestors from any number of various nations. This was Butch, wearing a red bandana around his neck, and a derby hat which could hardly be recognized in its present condition.

The former speaker was known all around town as a lazy, usually good-for-nothing card-sharp. His nick-name was "Cheezy." No one knew where this originated, or even cared, for that matter, but it was probably because of his dingy, yellow complexion. He was dressed as shabbily as his companion, with a dirty-striped shirt and overalls.

As they progressed down the street, they seemed to carry an air of watchfulness, peering behind them often as if to find someone following them.

Finally they reached their destination, the wealthy residential section, and became more watchful than ever.

"Chee, Butch, I sure hope we get our loot from this house okay—that you was telling me about. I gotta have the money quick. Where is the dump?"

"Okay, Cheezy, be patient; it's just around this corner. I came around here the other night to take in the layout; it'll be a cinch for a coupla professionals like us."



"Sh-h-h, we'd better pipe down and not be so sure of ourselves. I never been in this neighborhood before."

As they went around the house, very quietly, and keeping well in the shadows, Butch found the ladder that he had hid behind the garage, and proceeded to put it up against a window sill. This window was directly above the edge of a porch roof which was made of tin.

"Butch, you go up first, since you know the place, and I'm tall, so I'll stand on the ground and hold the ladder. Here's the stuff you need to get the window open, and wait for me when you get inside. Don't forget the chisel; you'll need that."

With this, Cheezy threw the chisel to Butch, balancing himself on the ladder. Not quite making the connection, the tool dropped with a noisy clang on the tin roof below.

"Now ya done it!" exclaimed Butch, with an air of contempt; meanwhile neither lost time in removing the ladder and themselves from the home. Since no one appeared to investigate the sound, the burglars once more regained their equilibrium and decided to attempt that window again.

Proceeding cautiously, Cheezy in the lead this time, the chisel was regained, and the window successfully raised. The two men crawled through the opening and dropped noiselessly on the floor on the other side. Since it was so bright outside, Butch and Cheezy could not see what sort of room they had invaded until it was too late. Looking about them, they discovered that they were in the nursery, and before them was a sleeping child, who stirred uneasily, frightening the men quite as much as if they had found themselves in a den of lions.

"Gosh, we got to get out of here. Suppose that kid starts bawling?" This remark was made to Cheezy, and both seemed to agree that the best thing to do was to get out of the room. They tiptoed to the window. Imagine the surprised look on the faces of the burglars when whom should they see pacing the sidewalk but the cop on the beat, making part of his usual rounds? This made escape impossible, and praying silently that the officer would not notice the ladder leaning against the house, Cheezy and Butch stood for a minute, which seemed like years added to their lives.

Before they had a chance to leave the house, the child stirred once more, and a faint cry of "water" was heard. "I want a dink of water," came the cry; it was repeated, each time louder. Cheezy and Butch realized that they would be trapped if anyone came to see about the child.

"Let me handle this," said the latter. "I used to play with my sister's kid." With this, the bulky form of Butch proceeded to the crib where he promised to get the child a "dink of water." His eyes, now accustomed to

the darkness of the interior of the large house, Butch vanished and soon returned with a glass of water. This he administered to the little child, who, satisfied, went back to sleep immediately, not seeming to notice the queer-looking man who had brought him the nice drink of water.

Going back to Cheezy, there was a soft light on the man's hard face as he whispered, "He's a sweet little tyke, he is!"

"Aw, come on, before it's too late. Cut the sentiment; we gotta lotta work to do!"

"At this, the burglars tipped down the stairs and were busily occupied with looking for valuables to put into their bulky sacks. This hadn't lasted long when there was a scratching at the door, which nearly petrified the burly men.

"Now, who can that be?" Cheezy murmured to his companion as he stuffed things into the bag as quickly as possible. Quickly the men hurried to make their escape; for the scratching at the keyhole happened to be caused by the master of the house, and in a split moment he stood before Cheezy and Butch in a tuxedo, with shoes in his hand. Upon the faces of all three characters were guilty expressions. The robbers' first impulse was to make haste out of the home of the man who stood before them, but Cheezy had a bright idea.

"If we make a lot of noise, hubby's wife will find him coming in late, and he'll suffer; on the other hand, if we try to escape, this guy can report us!"

In the middle of the reception room of the large house, the three made solemn promises to each other. Henpecked hubby went to bed, his wife none the wiser, and Cheezy and Butch made their way happily back to the slum district in Slipshod, Pennsylvania.

## Spring Songs

## Meaning of Spring

By Irvin Frank

The tree outside my window Is filled with new-born green. Its tiny buds and leaflets Give it a spring-like sheen.

The birds among its branches Are warbling songs of love, And soon their nests are swinging From branches high above.

After a long bleak winter I greet this scene with glee. It means above all else Vacation time for me.

## The First Day of May

By Charles Varn

On the first sunny day of the warm month of May, 'Twas so sweet to be young and away from the school; It's so hard to be sad and so fine to be gay With no one to rule you and no one to rule 'Tis the best day of all, the first day of May.

There's a bird on his nest and a hawk high above. Let us hope, let us pray, that the hawk is so blind That he stays far away from the bird that we love; Let nothing disturb him, let the world be so blind, For the best bird of all, it's this one, the dove.

Do you know what I think, this first day of May, That I hear some one calling to draw me to school, That I hear the bell ringing to draw me away? How I hate to go back to that awful old school! Away from my dove and the best day in May.

## The Man Next Door

By Norma Sanders



HE minute I saw him squint an appraising eye at his new house, I knew he was going to be interesting. The house next door has had a number of tenants, and long experience, coupled with a naturally snoopy disposition, has enabled me to classify husbands on moving day under one of three headings: Type A, the "escapist" type, giving his wife a peck on the cheek, says, "You tell

the man where you want the furniture, dear," and hurries off to "important business." Then there is Type B, the big executive, who carries a long list of articles in his hand, nearly breaks a blood vessel if the piano is put two inches from the corner instead of one, and bawls his wife out for losing the half-used tube of toothpaste. Type C, or hothouse plant variety, after vainly trying to cope with the peculiar ways of transfer companies, gives up in despair and goes to bed with a comfortable nervous breakdown.

Nowhere in my list, however, was there a place for anyone who could be both brave and calm in such a situation, and when I saw a young man jauntily shoulder his responsibilities as well as a bird cage, tennis racquet, China cookie jar and candid camera, perch his hat on the top of aforesaid bird cage, and stroll up the walk of his new house whistling "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," in my opinion he made Daniel Boone look like a sissy. My admiration increased as he dumped the whole armful on the front porch, sat down on the steps, and calmly lit a cigarette, thus enabling me to get a better view of him.

There was nothing at all extraordinary about his appearance. He was neither athletic nor handsome, and his mild blue eyes, light brown hair, round pink face, and cheerful, innocent expression were merely pleasant and inoffensive. His appearance was so conventional, in fact, that when he turned around, I half expected to see on his back a sign reading "Typical American Citizen, 1940, as selected by the Ladies Home Journal." He had the peaceful but earnest expression of a man who would work for the railroad because his father had and never quarrel with his wife or his government as long as neither made too many demands upon him.

A few hours later I was out in the yard when I heard a loud thumping and pounding next door, and presently a flushed face appeared at the basement window, and a matter-of-fact voice announced to his wife outside, "I fell down the steps."

"Yes, I heard you," answered the loving wife in an equally calm tone. I later learned that the lady next door was not hard-hearted, but one can

get used to anything. Her husband fell down quite frequently, and being fond of traditions he was almost proud of it, although the boys at the office teased him a great deal and were always sending him comic valentines about his clumsiness. When there was an icy spot on the sidewalk in front of our house, he used to fall down every single day as he came home to lunch. Being fatalistic as well as a little superstitious about it, he would approach the spot apprehensively, and having fallen as usual, would rise with an air of relief as if saying, "Well, that's that for today "and stumble cheerfully home.

I think my next door neighbor had Eskimo ancestors somewhere in his family tree, for in zero weather his overcoat, probably forced upon him by his practical wife, would be open, and he would be striding along fanning himself and mopping his face, while his neighbors shivered in mufflers and fleece-lined gloves.

Not long after they moved in, our neighbors' dog died. The lady next door wept, the man scowled, and Dinky, the very descriptive name of their pet, was buried with fitting ceremony. Dinky's master, broken-hearted, spoke of the departed with respect and solemnity and fervently declared that he would never own another dog. A week later, I could tell by the sheepish look on his face as he hurried home from work that something was afoot, and as he passed, I saw a tiny excuse for a pup sticking its head out of his pocket. "He really is a good dog," he explained in an off-hand way, "and the man practically gave him to me."

Once the man next door mowed his own lawn because, I suppose, he had noticed that his waistline was expanding a little and thought he needed exercise. He made a great deal of noise about it and had to have liniment rubbed on his shoulders, but he told daddy that if more people in this country took exercise like that, the doctors would be poorer.

I knew when my neighbor got a promotion before his wife did. His beaming face, a shade rosier than usual, and his springy walk, even more awkward if possible, betrayed him. The promotion must have meant a transfer, for two weeks later the little family moved away to parts unknown. I had hardly spoken to the man next door more than once or twice, and I've always been sorry I never got better acquainted or learned more about him. He must have been delightful after one really got to know him!

## The Mystery That Was Solved

By Doris Magee



HE sinking sun, like a big orange ball, slowly sank behind the horizon. It cast shadows across the water to the many fishing vessels tied up at the pier of a small fishing town in Canada. In the distance the riggings of the vessels, like a spider web, made the scene even more picturesque. The small cottages of the fishermen, with their blinking lights, gave the color to the town. Most

of the houses were built in an old French style and were very quaint looking, since the majority of the people were of French descent.

The workers of the small salmon factory were shuffling along gaily with their coats bundled up. Their footsteps echoed as they kicked the leaves along the narrow sidewalks.

The snowy hills sloping downward added the background to the scene. Now the moon was shining brightly, and the stars were sparkling like diamonds on a black gown. The moon cast ghostly shadows on the hills.

The only blemish on the entire scene was the dark dreary house up on the hill. At one time it had been a beautiful home, but now it was anything but a sight of beauty. No one ever went near there, and the people didn't like to mention anything pertaining to it. The



owner was no fisherman and was away almost all of the time. What little was known about him, they knew that he was a peculiar sort of person and detested the sea very much. His life, his income, and his disappearances were all a mystery. Every time he made these mysterious visits, it started the town folks wondering.

Today he returned from another trip, and this caused much excitement in the village. It was not because of his return, but because this time he brought a visitor. She was small and pretty with dark hair and sparkling blue eyes, and a smile that was friendly and inviting. Tonight many discussions would be held about this. The women of the town felt sorry for this girl, who was going into that terrible place.

Page forty-three

Time passed quickly and the town people seemed to be in a whirl. Many strange trucks visited this home at this time. The home on the hill gradually changed from a spooky and haunted house to a beautiful home. It had been painted; repairs were made; new furniture was carried in, but since that first day no one had seen the stranger.

The small town tavern was a place of excitement. Each night the men gathered there and discussed the change, but no one seemed to be able to solve the mystery. As they sat with the usual question up for debate, the door opened and the man who lived on the hill entered. This was his first visit here, and the room immediately became quiet. Every pair of eyes in the room turned and stared at the man. He was dressed as they had never seen him. He had on a seaman's outfit from cap to boots.

As he looked around the room and saw their amazement, he smiled. Then the smile turned into a roaring laugh which frightened the entire group.

"Mon Dieu, you men act as if a ghost had entered the room! Am I that odd? Speak up. I'm human." Again he laughed.

Michael Fontaine, a captain of one of the fishing vessels, spoke up apologetically, "Welcome, stranger; pardon if we were rude; it was so unusual. I am Michael Fontaine; these are boys of my crew."

"I am honored. I have come on a matter of business; I would like to buy a boat."

"A boat! Ah, you are just joking; you have always hated the sea. Why, tonight as you are dressed, I would think of you as a seaman if I did not know your hate of it," laughed the captain.

As the light seemed to glow and die in his eyes, the stranger let his large frame down into the chair. All at once he began to talk. All eyes and ears were turned to catch his every word. Somehow they thought he would reveal the mystery.

"Come, gentlemen, I shall tell you a story. Many years ago a young boy named Roderick Duval was a cabin boy on the 'Annette'. He was very happy on this boat, since he was a lover of the sea. As he worked and grew, he learned the trade of the fishermen, and he believed his father was the greatest fisherman. He rose from cabin boy to captain and even to owner of his vessel.

"As the years passed, his fishing trade prospered, and soon after he became rich. At the age of twenty-eight he was married. He was very happy, and before long a daughter was born. Later he built a beautiful home on a hill facing the sea. One day his wife sailed with his father on his day's run. She had never been on the sea. Roderick was not able to go that day. When that boat left, that was the last Roderick saw of his beloved wife and father. The sea had given happiness and now it had given sorrow. As he sat that night and looked out to the sea, he made a vow.

'My daughter will live to hate that, and I shall never again sail. It took away my wife and took away my baby's mother. Oh, what shall I do!'

"He sold all of his ships and came back to the home he had once loved so much. He sent his daughter to a school where she would be taught under the guidance of the sisters and where she would not hear about the sea. He lived almost as a hermit in the home overlooking the sea, learning to hate more and more that which took his happiness away. The only time he went away was to see his daughter. He let that beautiful home go to ruins, and as his daughter grew into a young lady, she often talked to her father about her desire to be near the sea as her mother used to be. She begged and pleaded with him, but all of her pleading failed. Then she finally convinced her father that he was wrong in his hate of the sea, that those things happen and can't be helped. Finally she persuaded him to return to the sea. He brought his daughter home and transformed the old house to a place of beauty once more. Oh well, I shall not bore you further. I will say good night."

None of the men said a word, but they just sat there dazed. As he rose and walked to the door, he turned and smiled.

"I forgot to tell my name. It is Roderick Duval, and if there is a vessel for sale let me know."



## Day

By Elizabeth Powell

I love to stand at the birth of dawn And see the night mists steal away Before the heralds of the day Blaze forth the glories of the morn.

I love to see the glistening dew With silvery tear that gently clings To flower and tree and everything And clothe them in their morning hue.

At the end of day I love to stand And watch the twilight shadows fall And pray that night's strange silent pall Will fade into a dawn more grand.

## I Wonder Why

By Betty Albright

I wonder why the skies are blue,
And why sometimes they're gray,
Why at night they're black as jet
Yet bright with stars at play?
God does all things great and good
And I should wonder why he should?

I wonder why the daylight fades,
And why the night draws nigh,
Enclosing in its shadowy folds
The splendors of earth and sky?
God does all things great and good
And I should wonder why he should?

I wonder why the grass is green,
And why the flowers bloom,
Why the little babbling brook
Flows on, through sun and gloom?
God does all things great and good
And I should wonder why he should?

Page forty-six

## History Class Calamity

By Leonard Kidd



N my third year at High School there were two important people in my life: my history teacher, Mr. Jones, and the boy who sat next to me in the history class. His name was Patterson.

Mr. Jones was a little, nervous, half-bald old gentleman whose staring green eyes blinked from behind thick glasses. The boys were always playing jokes on him, such as drawing weird pic-

tures on the board, putting tacks in the cushion of his seat, and scattering his books completely over the room. Each time something happened, he would leap out of his chair, his glasses sliding to the end of his nose. Pointing his trembling forefinger he would shout, "Jackson-out!" or "Wills-out!" "Out" meant to leave the room and stand outside the door for the rest of the period. Mostly the principal would come by and whoever was "out" would have to bring a parent with him before he was admitted back to school.

Patterson was a tall, thin, red-headed limb of satan. He was very strong and a big bully. I was a small boy and he found pleasure in tormenting me, shoving my books off the desk, and kicking me surreptitiously. But oddly enough, I worshipped Patterson because he was on the football and baseball teams. I tried to win his friendship, his admiration. The opportunity came very unexpectedly. One morning in assembly we were taught a new school yell.

For some reason this yell rang in my ears all day long. I just could not get it out of my head. I kept muttering and singing it. Then in history class during the last fifteen minutes, which were devoted to silent preparation of the next day's work, a daring idea came to me. It was breath-taking, I thought. If I carried it out, it would prove to Patterson the bold, courageous sort of fellow I was. After this he would be proud to be my friend.

"Patterson," I whispered, "you want to see me do something? You want to hear me give the new yell right out loud here in class?"

He sneered, "You haven't got the nerve to do that."

"Silence." Mr. Jones glared at me. I shrank. My head went down. Patterson knew I was weakening. His shoe came down on my foot.

"You haven't got the nerve of a fly, you shrimp," he said. "Go on now! You said you were going to give that yell. Come on, now, or I'll blast you!"

I no longer wanted to. But Patterson kept after me. He stuck his elbow in my ribs, kicked me in the shins, and called me all sorts of names. Finally I gulped, "All right, I'll do it. Just listen."

Lowering my head, taking my courage in both hands, I let loose.

Through the drowsy, sunny silence of the room came my ear-splitting yell. It was so terrific, so barbaric I could not believe it was my meek voice making all that noise.

"Rickety-rax, rickety-rax, Hulla-balloo, bazoo, bazaks—"

I broke off abruptly. Everybody was looking in my direction in astonishment. Mr. Jones leaped out of his chair, his glasses slipping to the end of his nose. His startled eyes glared over in my direction. His gray hair seemed to be standing erect. I swallowed. My heart beat with fearful suspense. I had never been sent "out." I saw myself disgraced for life. Mr. Jones' hand shot out. His accusing forefinger quivered.

And then as I gulped and the perspiration began to flow down my back, the blow fell. Mr. Jones' voice rang out. And this was what the dear old blundering, near-sighted professor said:

"Patterson—yes, you Patterson—out!"

CSO

## Childhood Joy

By Adice Murphey

Oh! they run and they hop and they skip just for joy; They are happy and merry and gay; And their eyes, how they sparkle and glitter and shine As the little ones go to their play.

You can hear as they call to their playmates to come Join their parties and games, and to sing; You can hear as they yell, "Hurry up, don't delay!" And their voices with happy note ring.

Oh! what bliss, and what pleasure and joy they do find, As they laughingly flit on their way.

May they find in their life all the pleasure and joy
That they do in their games and their play.

Page forty-eight

THE MISSILE

## Fate Steps In

By Bob McIlwaine



T had always been the lifelong ambition of Dave Pandee to become an officer of the law. Ever since

his parents had died, Henry King, sheriff of Hidalgo county, had been his guardian. For this reason he was well schooled in the ways of criminals. He had been taught to track law-breakers down, corner them and bring them to justice. He had ridden on every imaginable sort of



man-hunt with his foster-father. He had ridden on those in which the fugitive was caught in a very short time, those in which the chase lasted for days and days and covered many hundreds of miles, those in which the hunted man was trapped in some canyon or cabin and was forced to surrender or was starved out.

And so, as he stepped from the doorway of the combined law office and jail he was giving deep thought to the problem of whether he should run for sheriff or not. After all, who in the county was more suitable for the job? The only man that was anywhere near his ability was Henry King, the sheriff himself, and he was giving up the job at the end of his term, which expired in a month, because of old age and bad eyesight. He glanced up from his thinking and looked down the long main street of Clear Springs. Clear Springs was a mining town and shipping center. It had become a boom town when silver was discovered in the nearby hills. Barring the dust and dirt, the crowds of people, horses, and wagons, Clear Springs had a beautiful setting. It was nestled in a small, green valley, surrounded by low, rolling hills, which died away in the distance only to rise majestically again into a snow-capped range of mountains far away.

His attention was settled suddenly on the figure of Cass Elgin, one of the shady characters of the mining camps, who was nailing up a poster which read, "Vote for Cass Elgin for Sheriff," in large black letters. These

words brought Pandee to life with a start. Elgin was suspected of being everything from a murderer to a cheat. If he were elected to office, he could become rich overnight by running his illegal business behind a lawman's badge. And he had a good chance to win. He had money. Money has power.

These facts decided Dave Pandee. Somebody must keep Elgin from becoming sheriff, and he figured he was the one. He knew that he would get good backing from the ranchers and honest miners. But he would also have to get hand-bills printed, buy space in the local newspaper, and make speeches himself if he expected to win. For he also knew that his opponent would have many voters in the crowds which thronged his saloon and gambling house day and night.

He crossed the street to the office of the Hidalgo Bugle to rent space in its advertising section. He was a young man, so young that he couldn't have voted more than twice. He was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and slim-hipped, which testified to a life of hard work and much riding. He had strong muscles which rippled as he moved with effortless grace.

"Hello, Mac," he said, "what's the chance of renting some space in the Bugle to advertise my campaign for sheriff?"

"There ain't any chance, Dave," returned the publisher sadly. "I'm glad you're running for sheriff and I hope you win over that tricky Elgin, but he just bought every bit of space he could and paid twice as much as he should have for it. I would try to get you some, but with my wife in the hospital in Tucson, you know how much money means to me."

The youthful candidate left the office in a worried state of mind. Elgin was a high calibre opponent! Not only had he bought space to advertise his campaign, but he had bought enough to block anybody else who might run against him. A few minutes later the alarming news came to him that four of his opponent's men had left on the noon stage to collect votes from the inhabitants of the county. Elgin was starting his campaign with a rush.

For the next three and a half weeks Pandee worked feverishly. He hired a few men of his own to make speeches and the like.. He was backed up heartily, as he had expected, by the business men and workers. But it was a losing battle. Elgin had the jump on him and he had money to buy his votes.

Election day came at the end of the month, when it was pay-day on most of the outlying ranches and business establishments. The town was packed with people to see the outcome of the balloting. The town was divided into two parties. Around the jail the working class stood. These people backed Dave Dandee. The other group, made up of gamblers, bums, and general riffraff, crowded Elgin's gambling hall where drinks and cigars

were free to anyone voting for the owner. The people around the jail were sad and thoughtful. They knew what the return of the balloting would likely be and it worried them. With Elgin sheriff, outlaws would flock to Hidalgo county and life wouldn't be altogether safe.

Suddenly the pounding of hoofs caused everyone to look up. A group of riders reined up before the jail. They were dusty, tired, hot. Their mounts were lathered with foam, but a man with keen eyes would have noticed that the guns of these strangers were oiled and free of grit despite the long ride.

"Howdy, bud," said the one who seemed to be the leader, "what's going on?"

"Election day," said Dave Pandee, who had been addressed.

"Who's running?" asked the leader.

"Cass Elgin and I," answered Pandee. He wondered why the other's eyes flamed with hate at the mention of Elgin's name.

"How does it stand now?"

"Elgin's leading by a wide margin."

"You don't stand much chance, huh?"

"Doesn't look like it."

"Where can I find Cass Elgin?"

"In his saloon in the next block."

"Thanks," murmured the stranger.

The six riders spurred down the street and halted before the saloon. Dismounting, they entered. Suddenly the town was rocked by hastily fired guns. The reports overlapped and blended into one long, continuous roar that faded into one or two separate shots. The silence after the flashing cannonade was heavy. Then the doors of the saloon burst open and two men ran out. They were two of the remaining strangers that had ridden into town.

Mounting their horses they headed for the border. Their dust had not faded when Mac, the publisher of the Bugle, ran out and headed for the paper's office.

The next day's issue of the Hidalgo paper read: "Dave Pandee Unanimously Elected Sheriff." Under this headline in smaller print were these words: "Dave Pandee was unanimously elected sheriff yesterday due to the demise of his only opponent, Cass Elgin, who was slain yesterday with three of his companions two hours before election. For details of Elgin's death see page 2, column 5."

## Fancy Free

### Music

By Natalie Lum

Music is a gypsy,
Or so it seems to me,
To see her whirling, twirling,
Laughing out in glee.
Flinging herself with abandon
To the sound of the tambourine,
She dances, springing, singing,
Like a vagrant little queen.

At times she is more stately,
A lady at a ball;
She swishes in her hoopskirts
Along majestic halls.
Her slippers make a tapping,
Her eyes are dancing blue;
She waltzes through the evening
And sings a soft song too.

### That Little Star

By Charles Varn

One night I saw a little star
A feeble glow it had;
It seemed to want to speak to me,
And this is what it said:

"I may seem small so far away,
And rather dull of hue;
But you should see me really shine,
When I am close to you.

"Now please don't think I think I'm big, Now don't think that at all; But maybe I would cause a stir If I should ever fall."

## My First Taxi Ride

By Betty Burgess

VERYONE always makes mistakes, and I'm no exception, but I doubt if anyone gets the teasing I do from my family. Sometimes I think that they'd rather tease me for some silly little mistake than tell a funny joke. (And that's saying a lot!)

Having a witty mother and father is sometimes too much for my own good, not to mention two older brothers who consider their "baby" sister a complete moron! My brothers are always tormenting me about my first taxi ride, an incident which I shall relate to you.

Please don't be offended if I take for granted that you know of the little wretch who, when you are expected to go straight home from school, whispers, "Go on into the movie and see that murder-mystery; it looks exciting!"

So it was with me about five years ago, and by the time I had torn away from the bloody narrative, the sun had disappeared, street lights were being turned on, and people on the streets were hustling home from work.

There I stood on the sidewalk, foreseeing the inevitable, or shall I say customary scolding, for being late. I finally made my way to a telephone and summoned a taxi to take me home. I felt quite independent and able to take care of myself, being every bit of ten years old. The truth stands undisputed, that I was more dignified then than now, five years later, but we'd better not go into that now.

The taxi arrived, and I, undaunted, stepped in and awaited developments. When the driver demanded where to, I stuttered directions for reaching my home, having to repeat them several times in order to make myself heard. The car swung around corners, dashed through stop signals, and tossed me about on the back seat. I was trying to hold on while my heart was in my mouth playing leap-frog with my molars.

When the vehicle finally came to an instant stop at my door, I was remarkably conscious but still half-scared to death. I gathered my belongings in my arms and stumbled onto the walk-way. Meekly I inquired how much fare I owed the driver, and having paid him, I fled desperately to the door.

Once I was inside, my family demanded the all-important explanation, which came between gasps. The truth came to light, and with it the fact that, being a very grown-up young lady of ten years, I had thought it proper to tip the taxi driver a nickel. When the family burst out laughing at

Page fifty-three

me, I realized that I had heard a stifled chuckle issue from my chaffeur which I had not understood at the time.

There's only one good thing about being teased and ridiculed; that is, you'll probably know better the next time. Now, I either tip the man a dime or smile very sweetly, and let it go at that.

So

## A June Day

By Robert D. Baxter

The whole landscape was clothed in green, And once-dark colors all serene, As of days gone by in bright array This joyful day was in colors gay, And soft mute colors seemed to say Nothing's as gay as a bright June day.

A lake in the woods was mirrored bright, And shimmering shone in the morning light; A sparrow paused in his chirruping song, A woodpecker paused in his pecking so long That the woods seemed deserted and all along, The colors too gay for anything wrong.

The lake in the woods was growing grey,
And the bright daylight colors were fading away.
The night was approaching with soft insect sounds,
The shadows lengthened by leaps and bounds;
The fireflies flickering made their rounds;
A June day ends while the silence surrounds.

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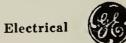
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